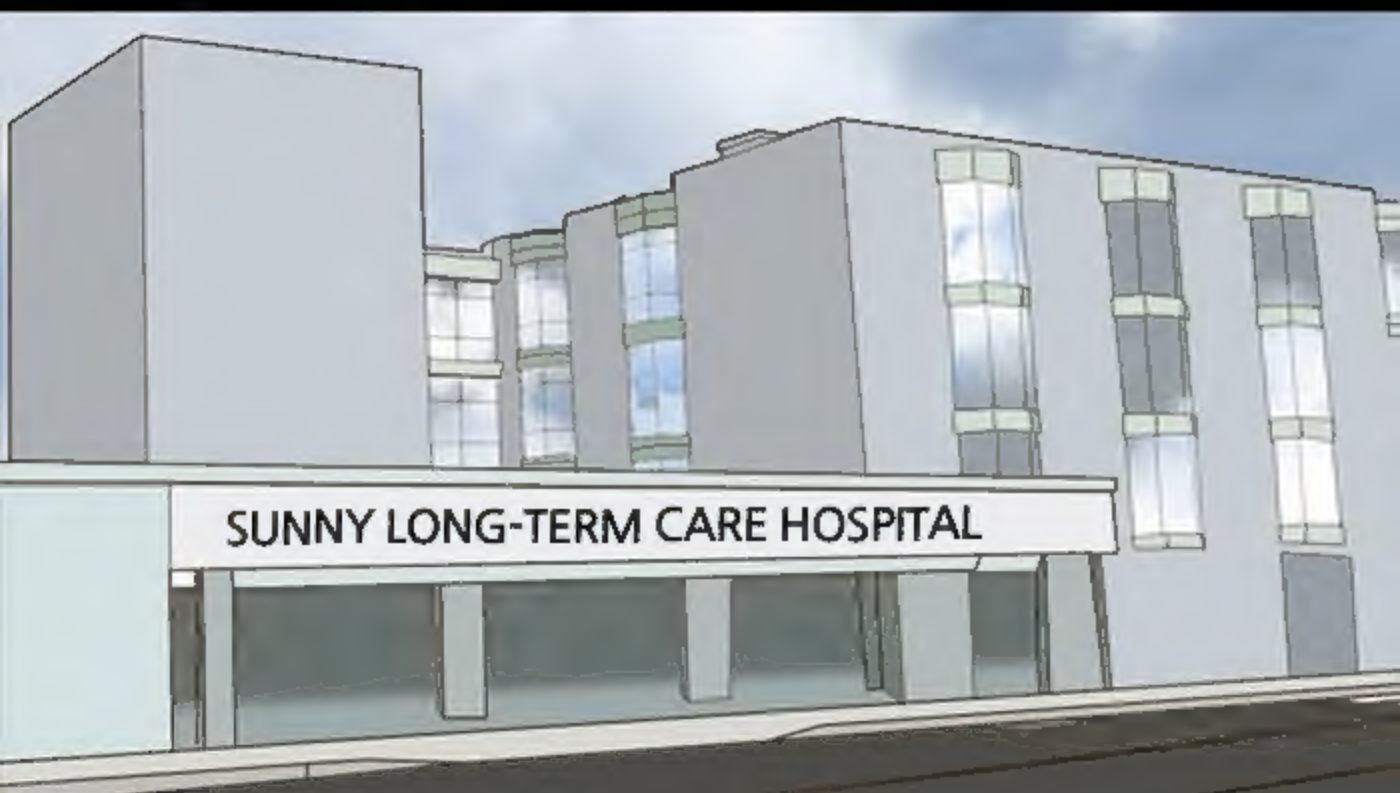




**STANDING BY YOUR PARENTS
AS THEY PASS AWAY IS THE NATURAL DUTY
OF A SON UNLESS CIRCUMSTANCES
MAKE IT PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.**



**BUT THE WORLD HAS CHANGED.
BIG FAMILIES AND TIGHT-KNIT COMMUNITIES
HAVE LONG SINCE BROKEN UP.**

THERE IS TOO MUCH WORK AND NOT ENOUGH TIME.



ARE YOU HIS
GUARDIAN?



YOU MAY GO
INSIDE. HE'S BARELY
CONSCIOUS.



THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PARENTS
AND THEIR CHILDREN

IS PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY...
NOT AS CLOSE AS IT USED TO BE.



SO PLEASE,

I HOPE THAT YOU WON'T HATE ME FOR THIS.

FRIDAY

FORBIDDEN TALES

禁曜日

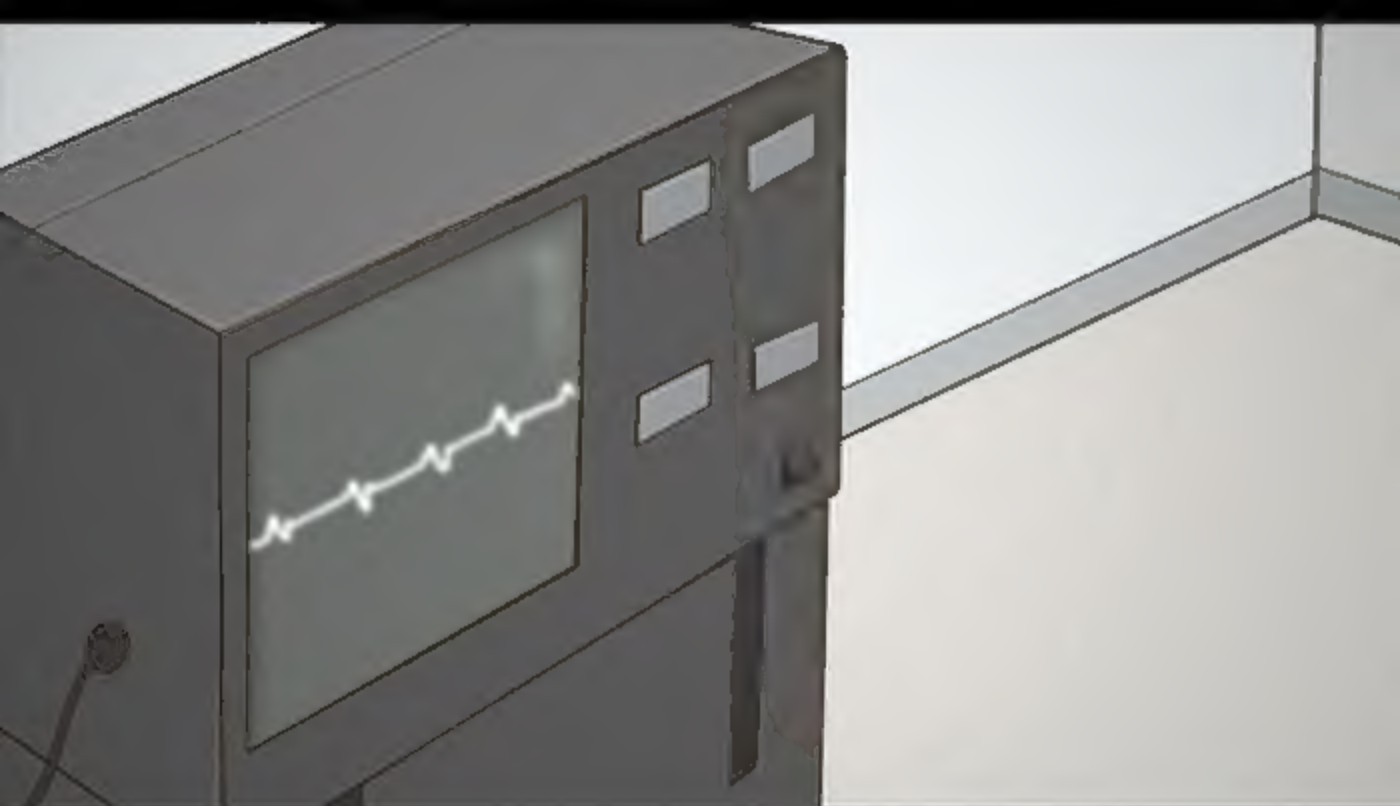
073. DEATHBED





HE DOESN'T HAVE A RESPIRATOR.

HE DIDN'T WANT ONE,
AND NEITHER DID THE FAMILY.





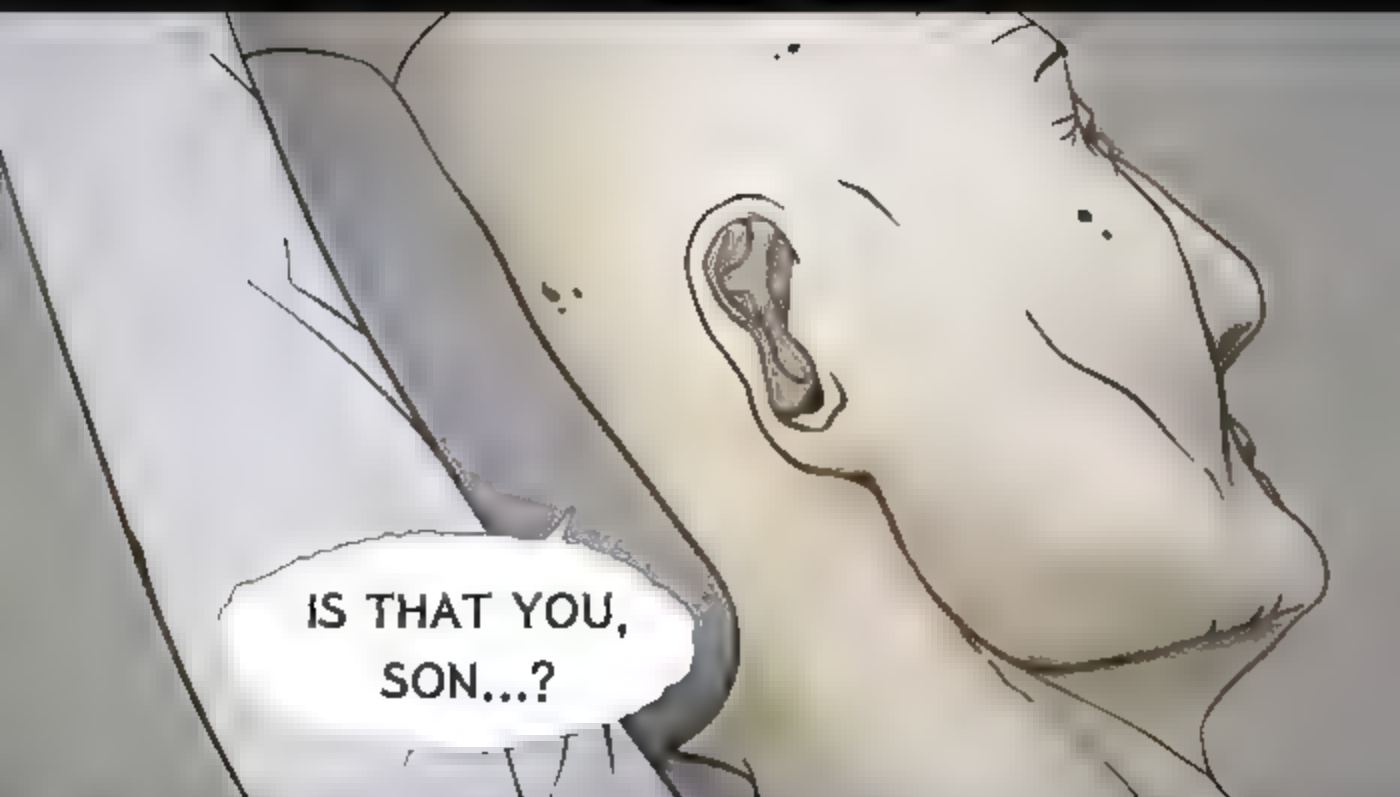
IT'S 8:10...



HIS HAND IS COLD.

LOWER THAN THE NORMAL BODY TEMPERATURE.





WILL HE RECOGNIZE ME?







YOU'VE
GOTTEN SO THIN...
IS WORK HARD?

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO SEE ME.



NO. I'M FINE.

I DIDN'T THINK
YOU COULD COME...
I DIDN'T THINK YOU
WOULD COME...





THEY LEFT FOR CANADA YEARS AGO.
OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T KNOW THAT, THOUGH.

A man and a woman are running across a grassy field towards the viewer. The man is on the left, wearing a dark t-shirt and dark pants, carrying a small child in his arms. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark patterned shirt and dark pants. They are both looking back over their shoulders. The background is a bright, hazy landscape with some distant hills.

THEY'RE GOOD.
THEY WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE HERE TOO,
BUT SOMETHING
URGENT CAME UP...

IT'S ALRIGHT.
IT'S ALRIGHT. I'M
JUST GRATEFUL THAT
YOU COULD COME.

TRULY...

TRULY...

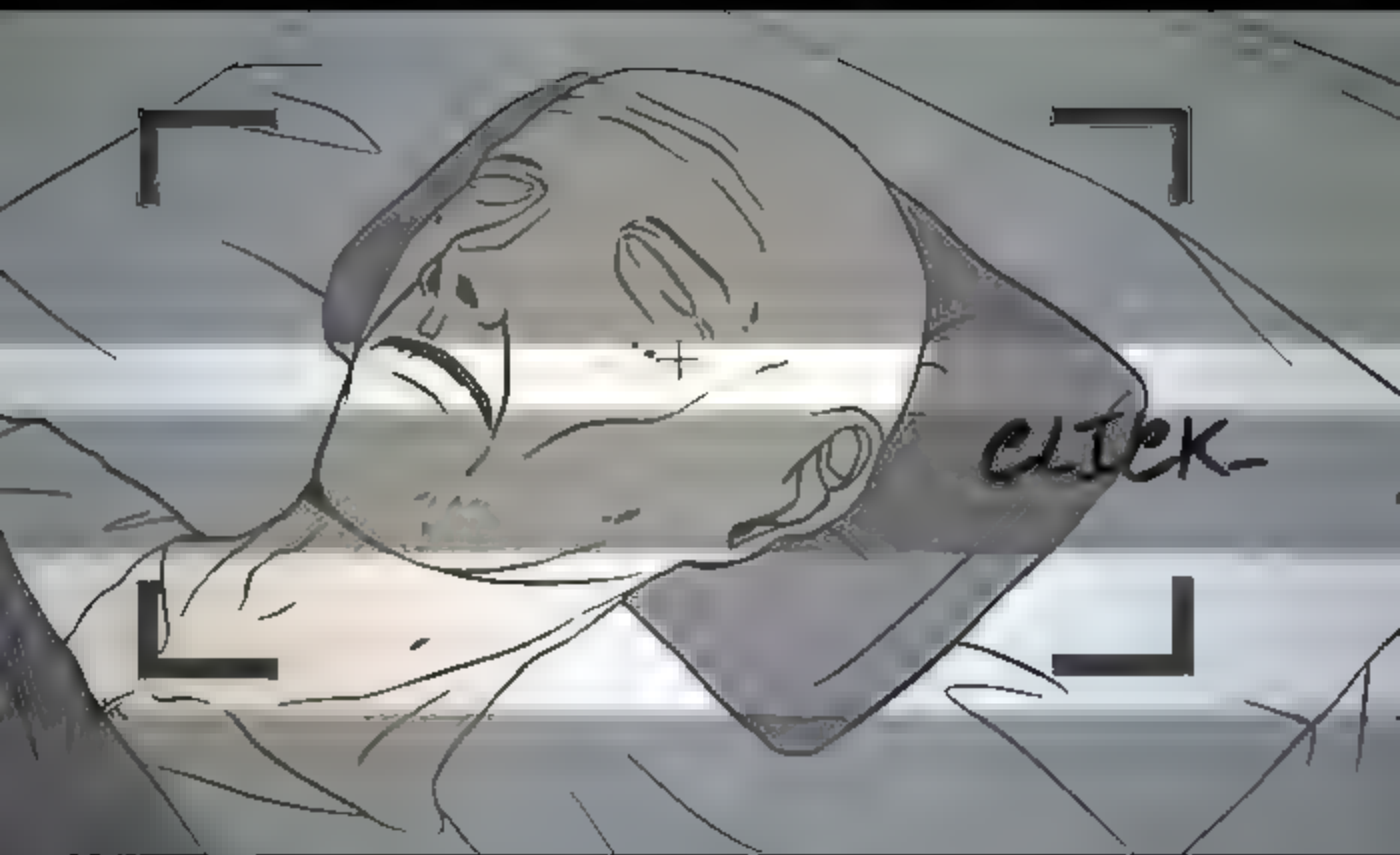
YES, I FEEL RELIEVED TOO.



THAT I CAN SEND
YOU OFF LIKE THIS.







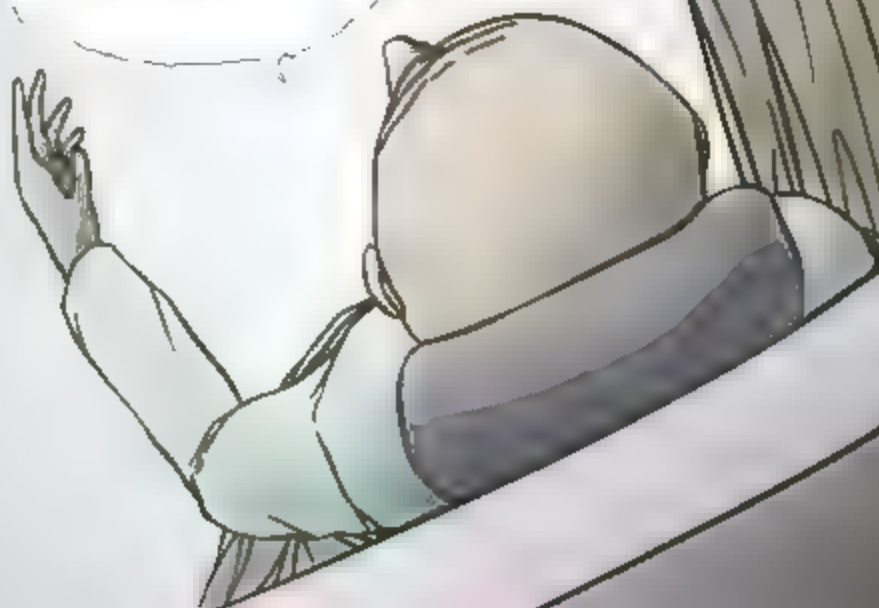


11:30.

AROUND THREE HOURS HAVE PASSED.



I'M SORRY...





FOR NOT DOING
MORE FOR YOU...
FOR MAKING THINGS
HARD FOR YOU AND
WORRYING YOU...
AND FOR NOT LEAVING
YOU MUCH...

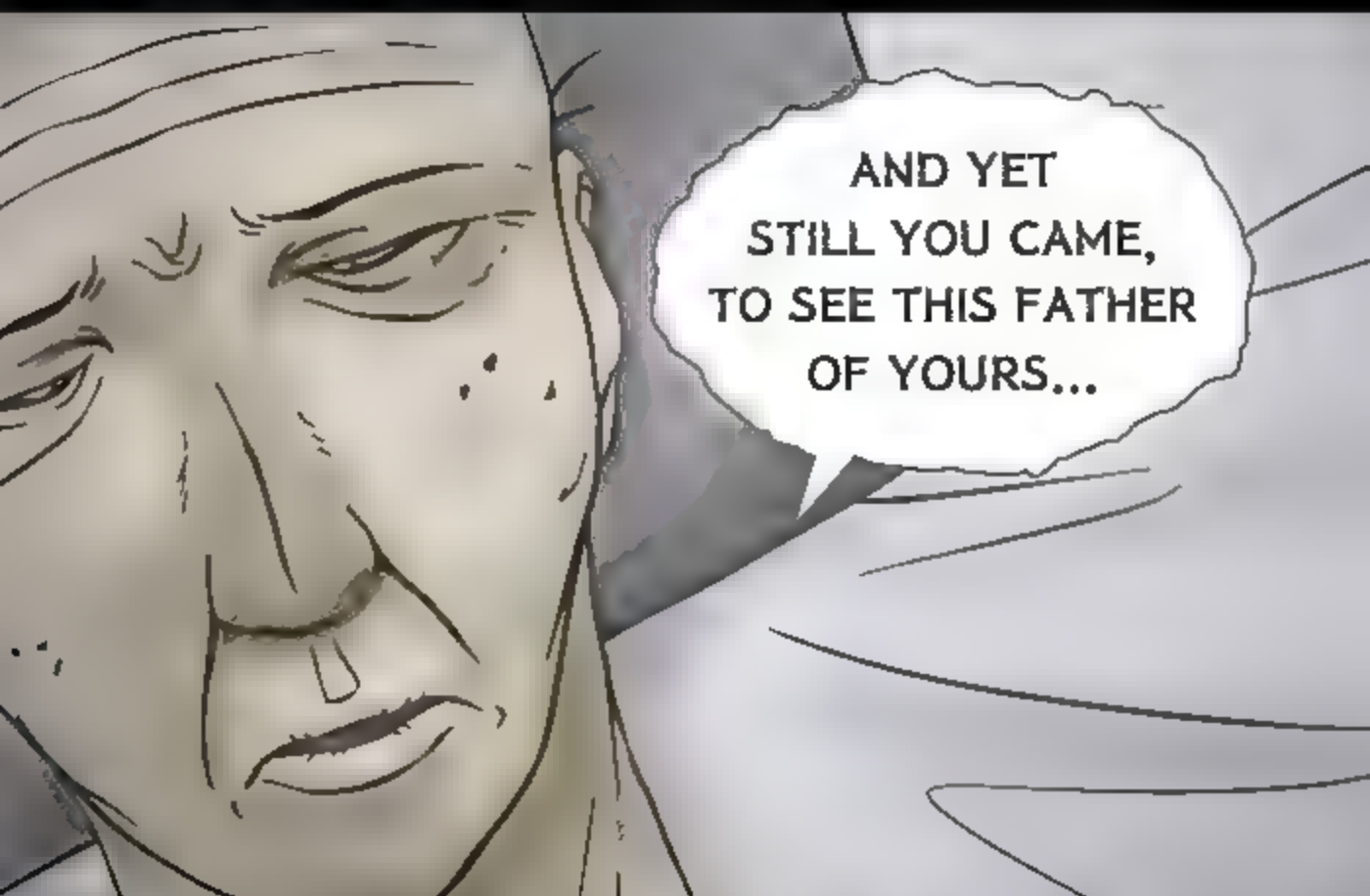


**THE LAST WORDS OF REGRET OF A LIVING PERSON
SOON TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE DEAD.**



A SON'S DUTY IS TO LESSEN

EVERY LITTLE BIT OF THAT REMORSE AS POSSIBLE.



THANK YOU...

TWO HOURS LATER.



**GIVE THE
FISH THAT I
SET ASIDE THIS
MORNING TO
THE CAT.**

**THE FLOWERS
ON CHESTNUT
TREES SMELLED SO
FRAGRANT WHEN
I WAS YOUNG...**

HE STARTED MUMBLING ABOUT THINGS
THAT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

HE MUST BE GETTING DELUSIONAL.



AND THE SOUND OF HIS BREATHING
CHOKED BY PHLEGM.

HIS CHIN DROPPING WITHOUT ANY STRENGTH.



THE END

THE END



GURGLE-



GURGLE-



HIS COLD NOSE.



HIS BREATHING IS FREQUENT.
AND THEN GRADUALLY... IT DIES AWAY.

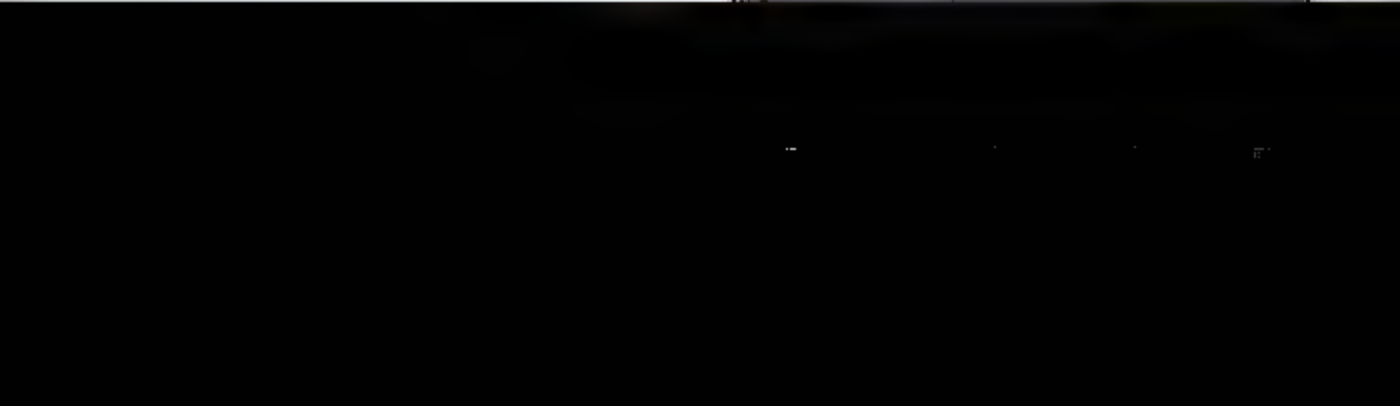
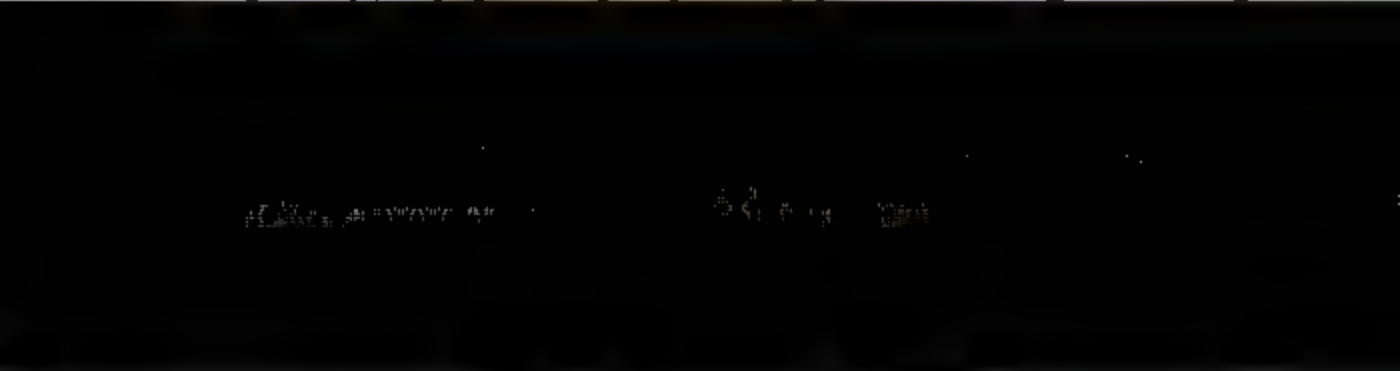
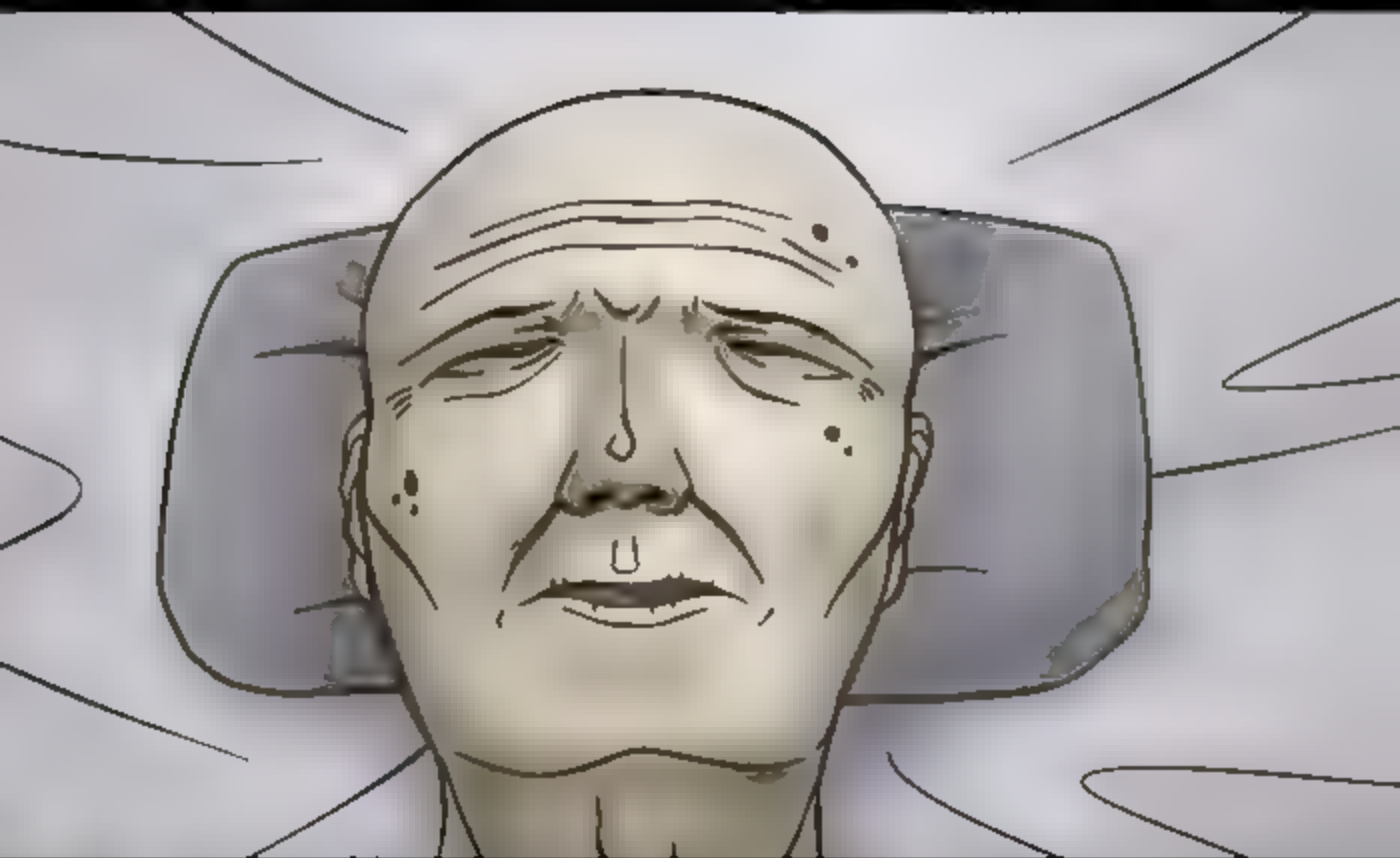
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH TIME LEFT NOW.

CAN HE STILL HEAR ME?

THEY SAY THAT A PERSON'S HEARING IS
THE LAST THING TO GO.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT US. I LOVE YOU.
THANK YOU FOR
EVERYTHING, DAD.







NOW,

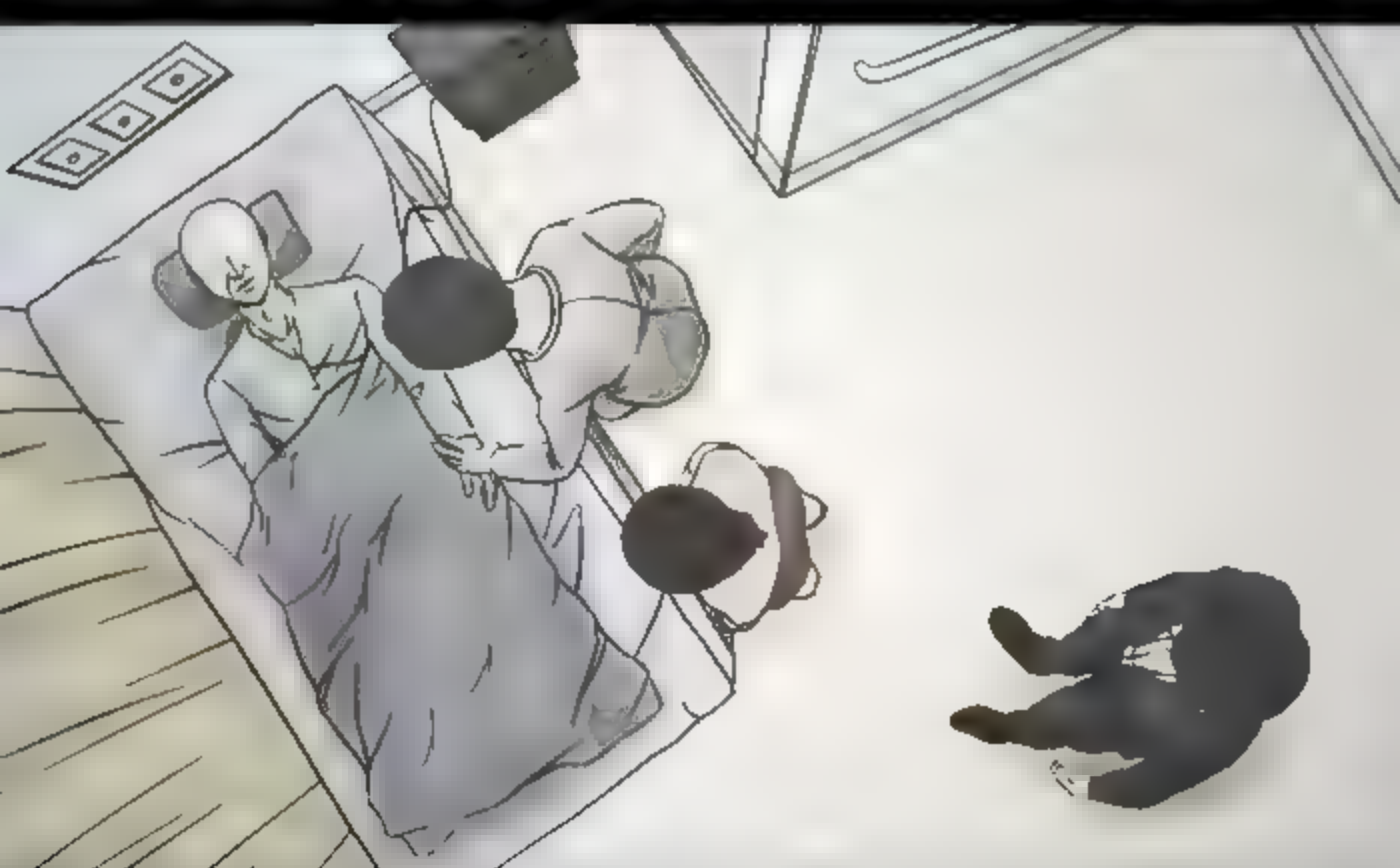
IT'S TIME TO GET READY.

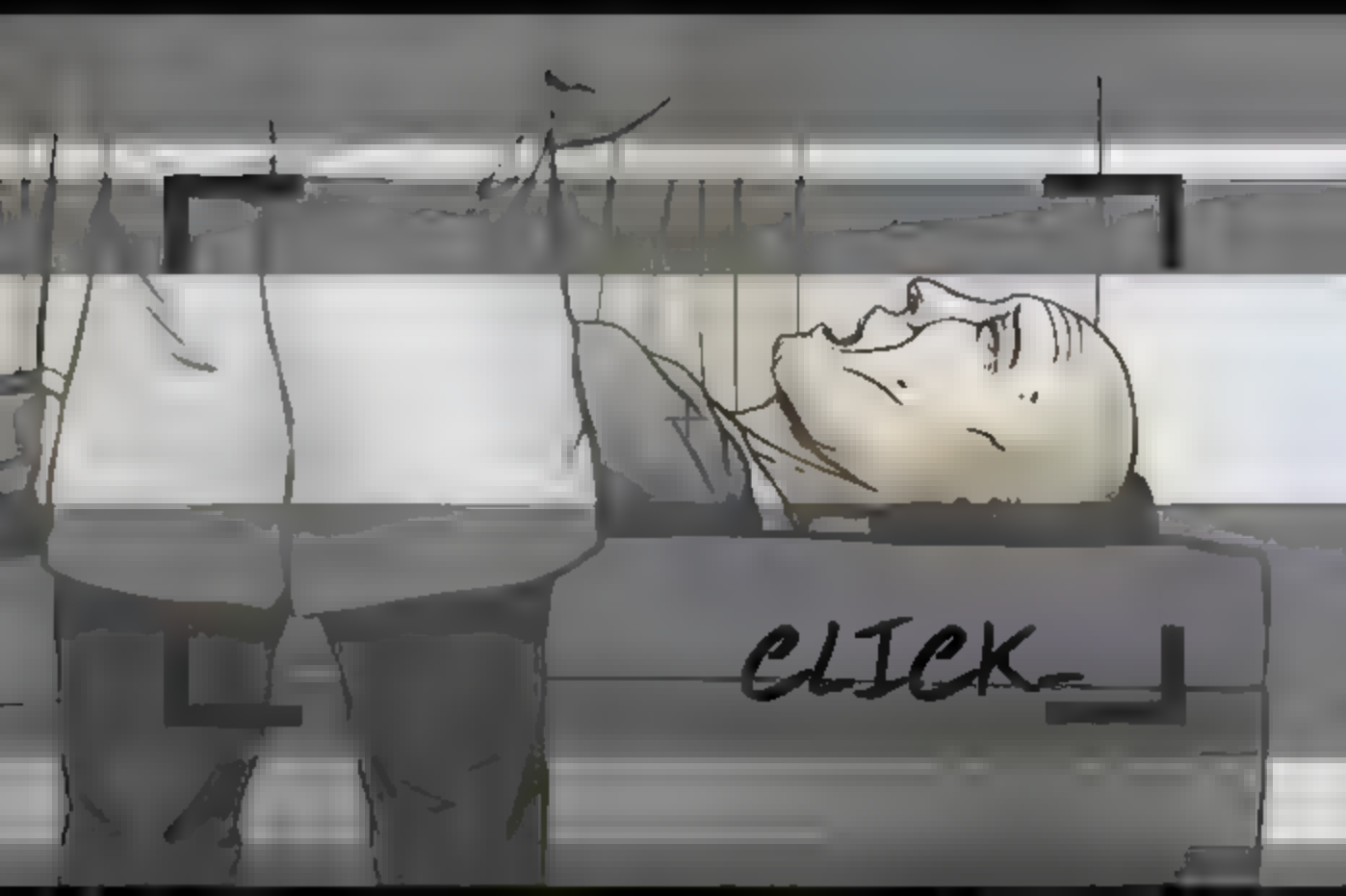


CALL

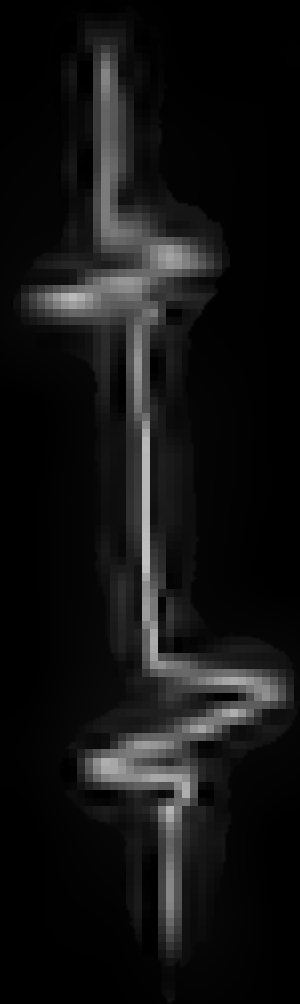
BEEEEP_







AS I EXPECTED,
A MOMENT LATER,



HE



PASSED
AWAY.

HE DIED IN PEACE,
THE TIME OF DEATH IS
02:12.



YEAH, THEY MOVED
HIM TO THE MORGUE.
THEY'LL BE PREPARING HIM
FOR THE FUNERAL SO
TAKE YOUR TIME
GETTING HERE.

A man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light blue shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a black mobile phone to his right ear with his right hand. His eyes are closed, and he has a slight smile, appearing to be in a pleasant conversation. A speech bubble originates from the phone. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a dark horizontal line near the top.

AH,
AND I'LL HAVE TO
CHARGE YOU EXTRA
SINCE IT WAS OVER
FIVE HOURS, SIR.

THIS JOB IS GOOD FOR EVERYONE.

IT MAKES EVERYONE HAPPY.



THE DYING MAN RECEIVED HIS PEACE OF MIND,
AND HIS FAMILY DOESN'T HAVE TO FEEL TOO GUILTY.

NO ONE GETS HURT.



SO PLEASE, I ASK YOU ONCE AGAIN,



PLEASE DON'T HATE ME

OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THIS...

DEATHBED_THE END

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